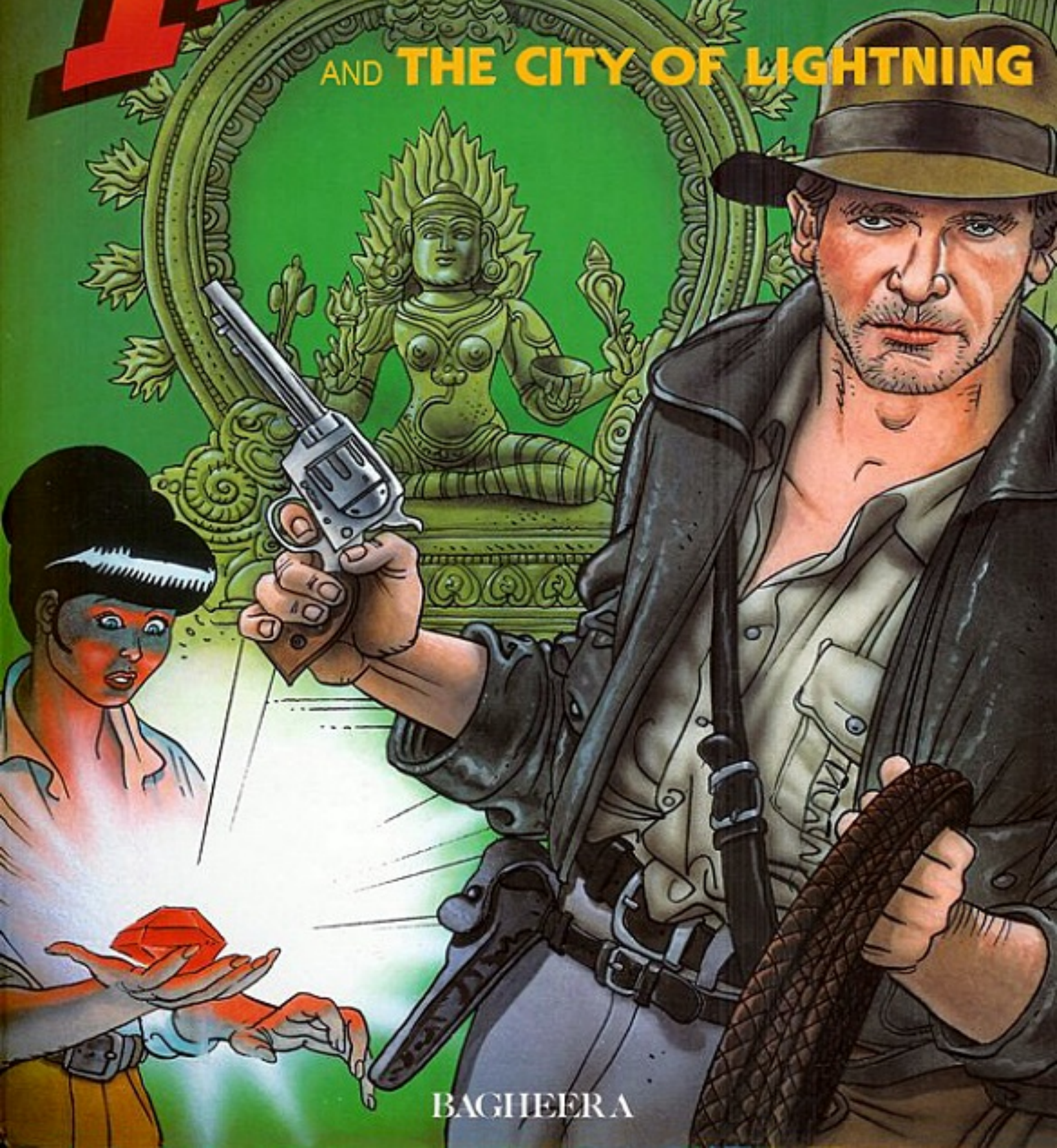


# INDIANA JONES™

AND THE CITY OF LIGHTNING



BAGHEERA



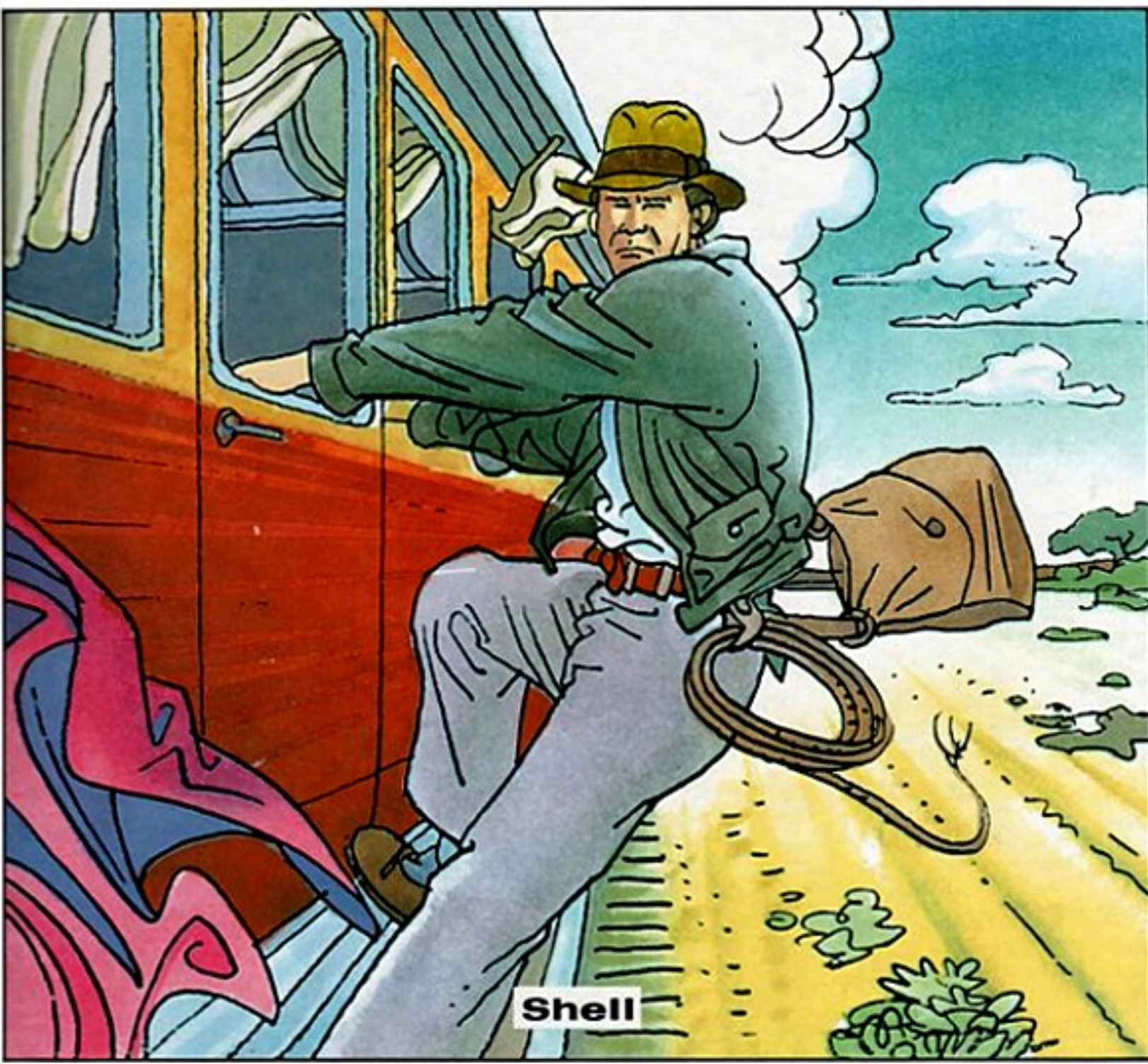
**THE SUMMER  
OF COMICS!!**

**A SHELL COLLECTION**

C. Moliterni – G. Alessandrini

# INDIANA JONES™

AND THE CITY OF LIGHTNING





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# INDIANA JONES™

One can instantly remember Indiana Jones. His hat has become legendary, as well as his leather jacket and whip. Indiana Jones is an adventuring archaeologist who throws himself into far-flung corners, searching for fabulous, lost objects which are coveted by villains who, by their occult and subversive means, seek to ruin his plans and seize the magical treasures. Indiana Jones is the hero-type of the 1930s, created by cinema and comic strips. Indy is a mix of Tintin, Jungle Jim and James Bond. He is always ready to throw himself on the trail of mythical treasures, in the company of a pretty girl, equipped with a sacred temperament, or a young, savvy boy, in the tradition created by the popular literature of the 1920s. The villains quite naturally come from the "pulp", those American magazines which, each week,



told the adventures such as those of Doc Savage, The Shadow, Nick Carter, etc. It's the comic strip's own duty to show the adventures of Indy and thus join the tradition born from comic strips at the start of the 1930s with Jungle Jim, drawn by Alex Raymond and hero of a serial played by Johnny Weissmuller. Thus, one finds Indiana Jones in Egypt in search of the mummy of Kheops (Indiana Jones and the Secret of the Pyramid), in India battling against a sect of stranglers, the Thugs (Indiana Jones and the City of Lightning) or searching for the secret to the philosopher's stone of Nicolas Flamel (Indiana Jones and the Black Book), Indy's next adventure.

Indiana Jones, at a much younger age, was an intrepid scout, even though he had a deep fear of snakes. He travelled the globe meeting, in his adventures, famous men such as Lawrence of Arabia, Churchill, Gandhi, etc. Used to adventure, Indiana Jones continues his studies nevertheless and, thanks to his father who communicated his passion for archaeology to him, became one of the best specialists in his discipline, recognized by his fellow-members all over the world.







Man with gold does what he  
can. God with wants does  
what he wants!

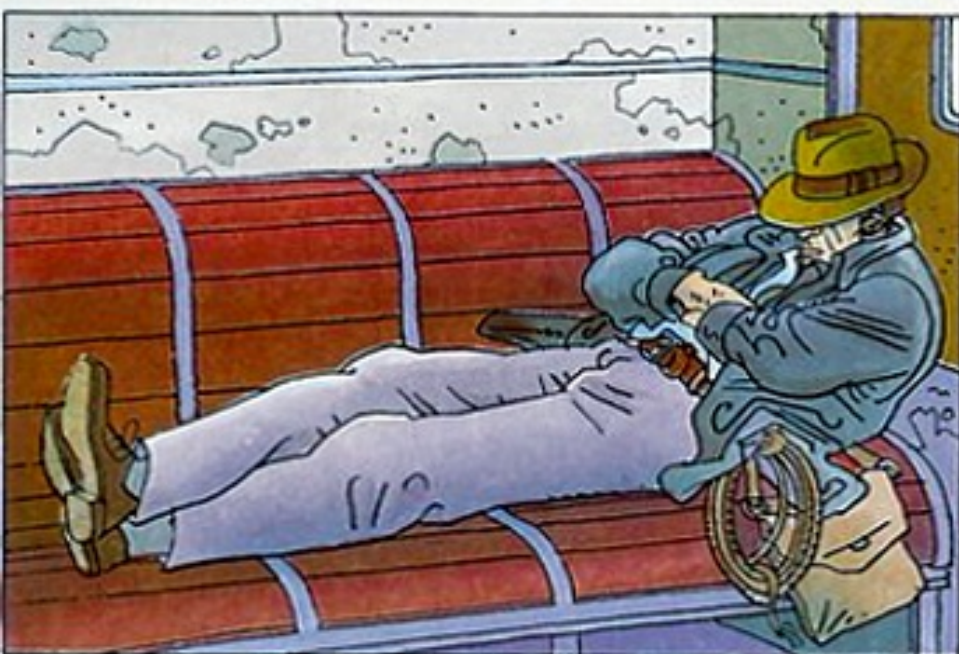
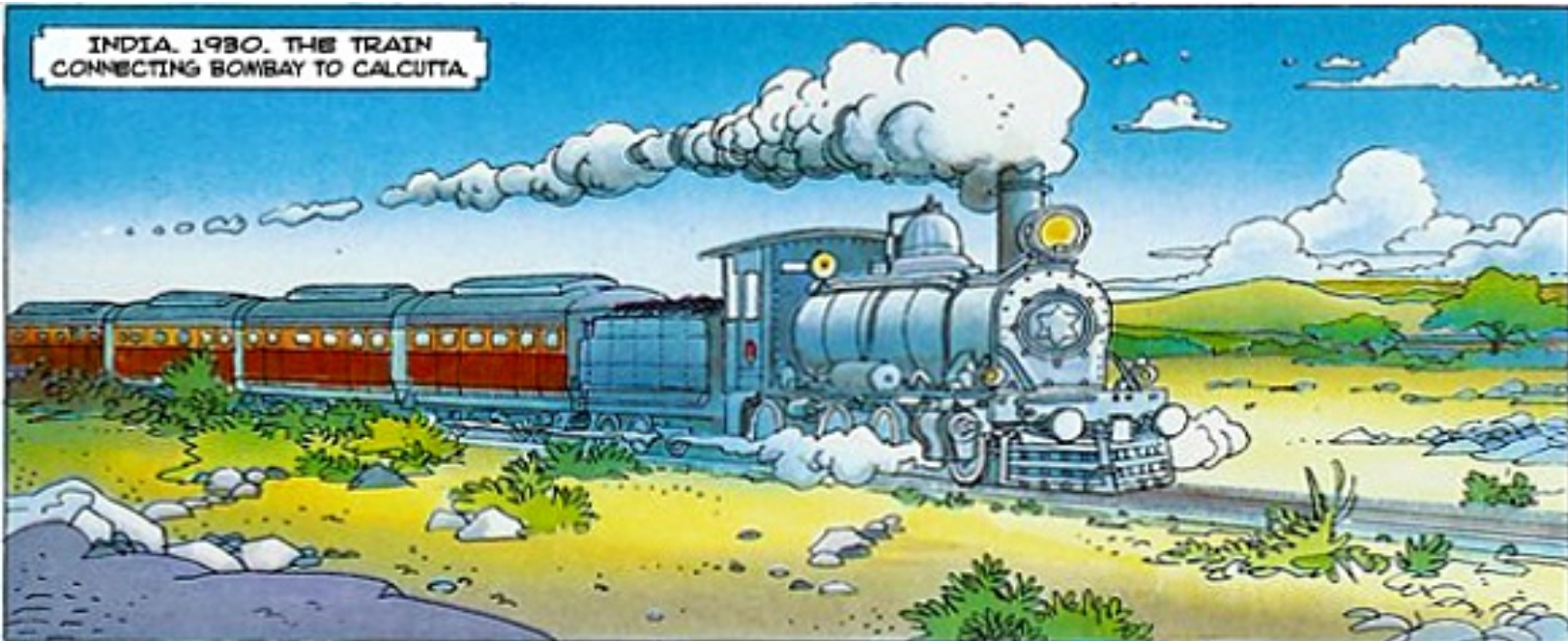
Indiana Jones -  
October 1938.

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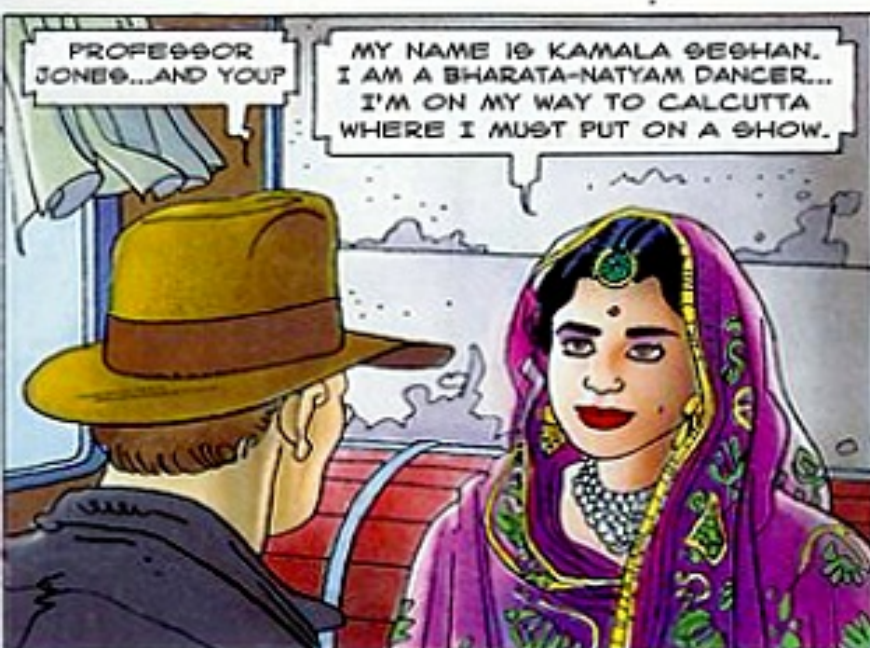
INDIA. 1930. THE TRAIN  
CONNECTING BOMBAY TO CALCUTTA.





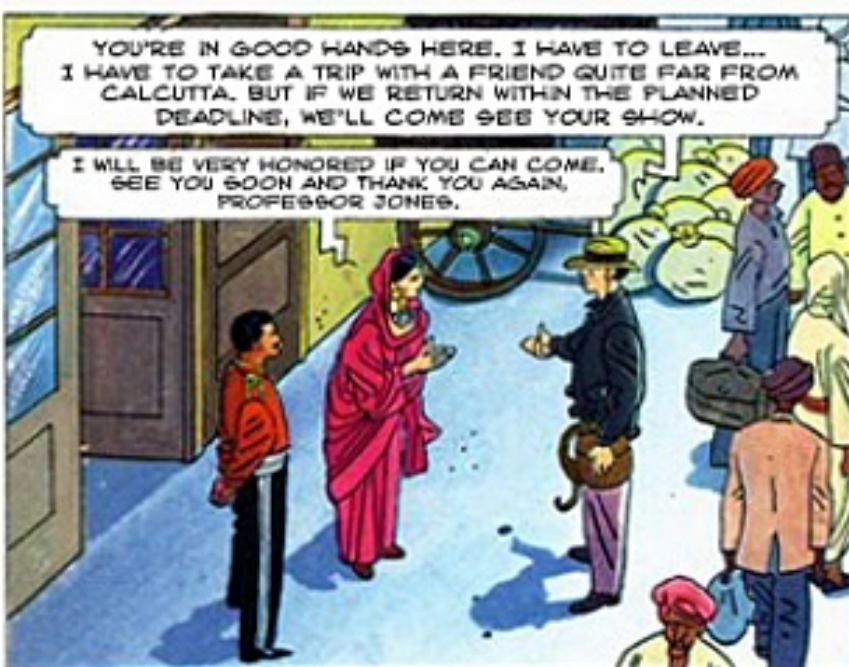
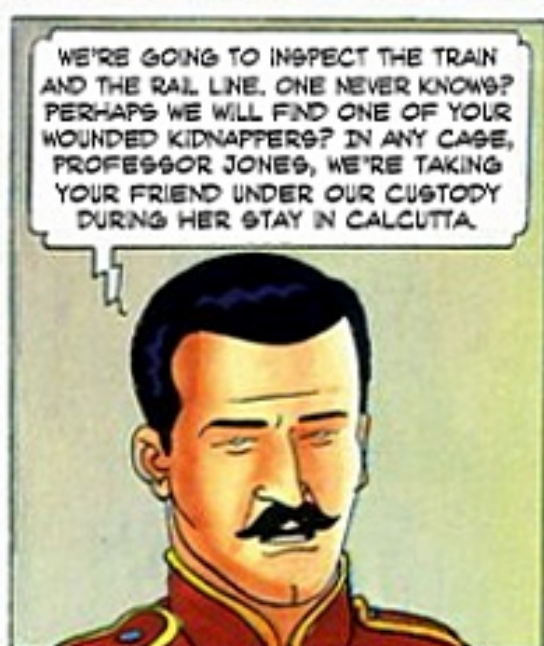
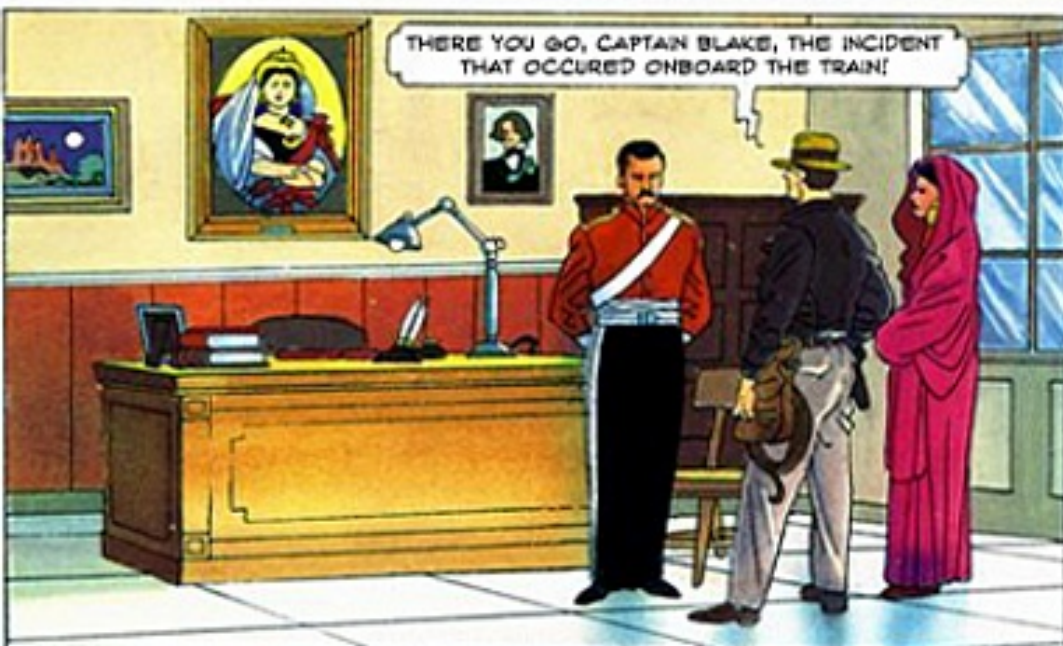
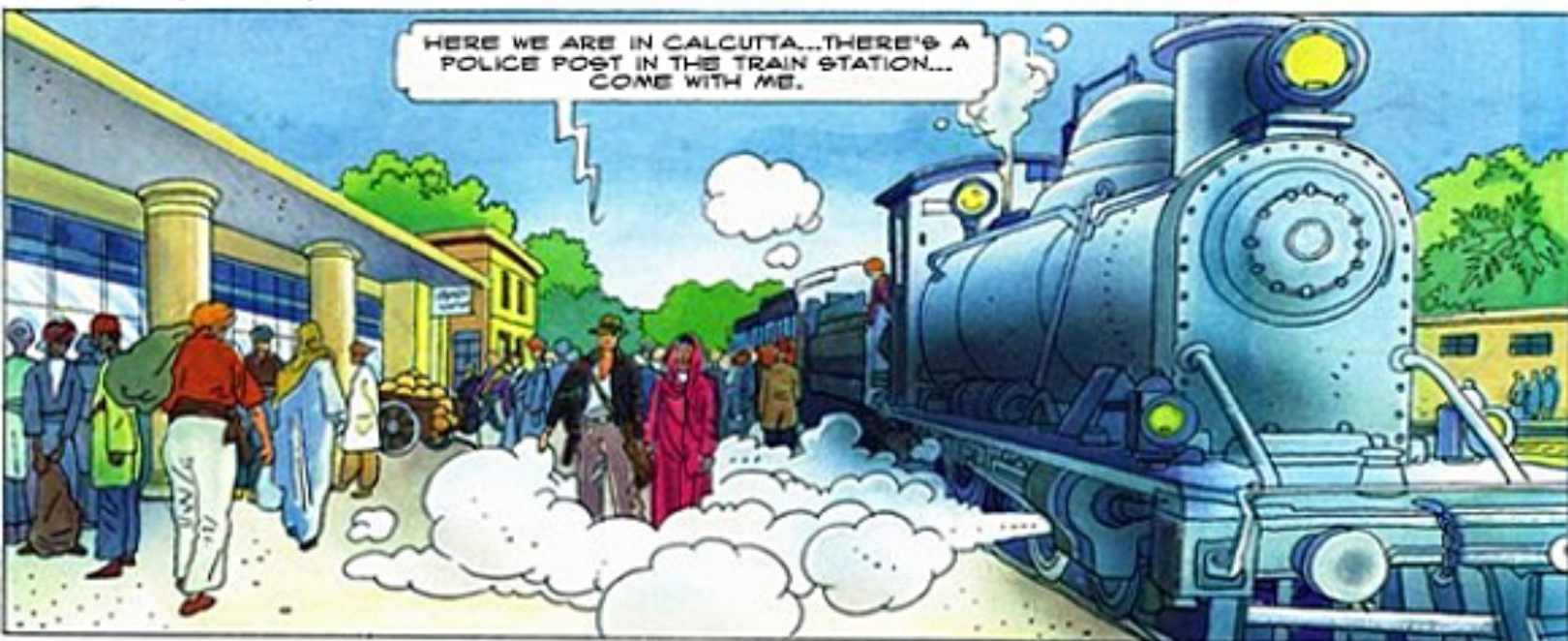






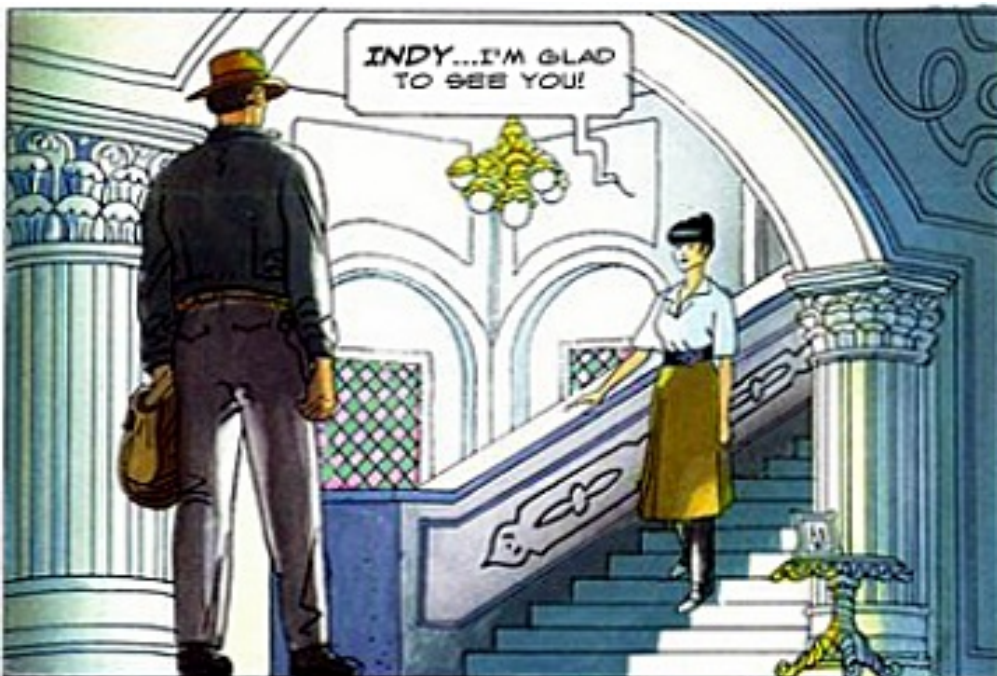


**INDIA -- CALCUTTA - 1930\* - CENTRAL STATION...**  
THE DANCER, KAMALA, HAS JUST BEEN SAVED BY INDIANA JONES FROM THE HANDS OF MASKED MEN...



\*1933 IN THE FRENCH-CANADIAN SHELL VERSION (CHANGED FOR HISTORICAL ACCURACY.)

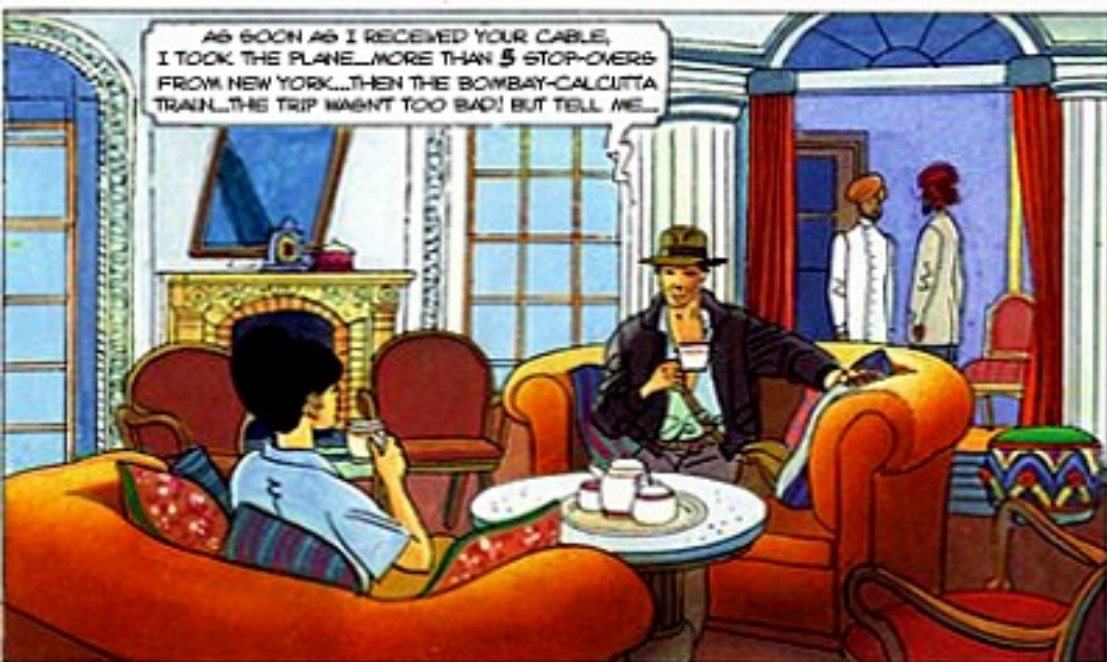




INDY...I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!



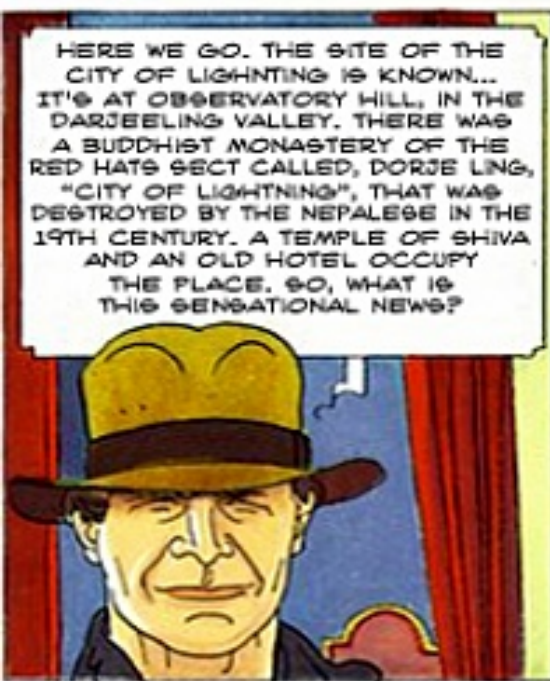
ME TOO...I'M ANXIOUS TO SPEAK WITH YOU! C'MON, LET'S GO SIT DOWN!



AS SOON AS I RECEIVED YOUR CABLE, I TOOK THE PLANE...MORE THAN 5 STOP-OVERS FROM NEW YORK...THEN THE BOMBAY-CALCUTTA TRAIN...THE TRIP WASN'T TOO BAD! BUT TELL ME...



WELL, I DISCOVERED, LIKE I SAID IN MY CABLE, THE EXACT SITE OF THE CITY OF LIGHTNING!



HERE WE GO. THE SITE OF THE CITY OF LIGHTNING IS KNOWN... IT'S AT OBSERVATORY HILL, IN THE DARJEELING VALLEY. THERE WAS A BUDDHIST MONASTERY OF THE RED HATS SECT CALLED, DORJE LING, "CITY OF LIGHTNING", THAT WAS DESTROYED BY THE NEPALESE IN THE 19TH CENTURY. A TEMPLE OF SHIVA AND AN OLD HOTEL OCCUPY THE PLACE. SO, WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEWS?

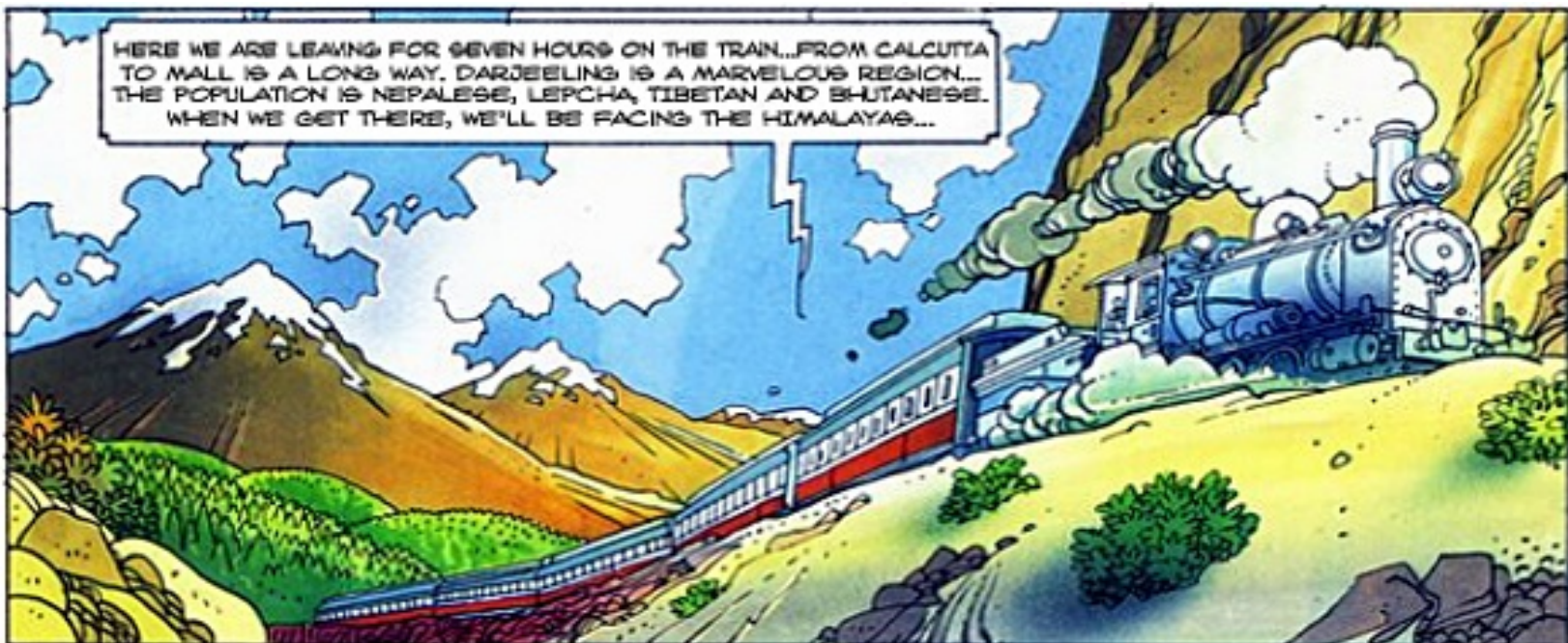


EVERYONE KNOWS ALL THAT... WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS, THAT I'VE FOUND AN OLD BRAHMAN READY TO SHARE SOME REVELATIONS FOR A FEW RUPEES!

WELL WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



HERE WE ARE LEAVING FOR SEVEN HOURS ON THE TRAIN...FROM CALCUTTA TO MALL IS A LONG WAY. DARJEELING IS A MARVELOUS REGION... THE POPULATION IS NEPALESE, LEPCHA, TIBETAN AND BHUTANESE. WHEN WE GET THERE, WE'LL BE FACING THE HIMALAYAS...



WHERE IS THIS OLD BRAHMAN TO BE FOUND?

HE'S ALWAYS AT CHAURASTHA, NOT FAR FROM THE TEMPLE DEDICATED TO VISHNU.

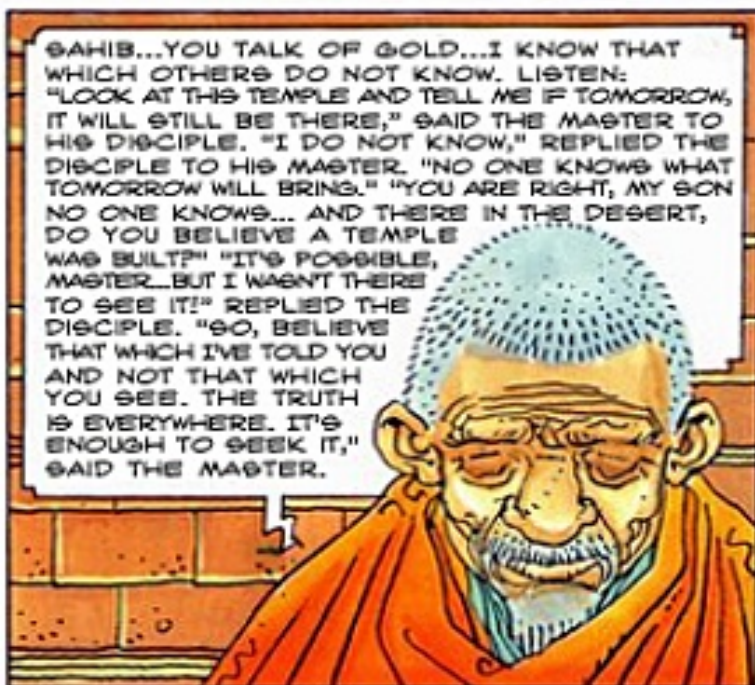


...YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUE SITE OF THE CITY OF LIGHTNING. MY FRIEND IS ON TOUR AND WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU.

GIVE HIM SOME RUPEES... THAT'LL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!



SAHIB...YOU TALK OF GOLD...I KNOW THAT WHICH OTHERS DO NOT KNOW. LISTEN: "LOOK AT THIS TEMPLE AND TELL ME IF TOMORROW, IT WILL STILL BE THERE," SAID THE MASTER TO HIS DISCIPLE. "I DO NOT KNOW," REPLIED THE DISCIPLE TO HIS MASTER. "NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TOMORROW WILL BRING." "YOU ARE RIGHT, MY SON NO ONE KNOWS... AND THERE IN THE DESERT, DO YOU BELIEVE A TEMPLE WAS BUILT?" "IT'S POSSIBLE, MASTER...BUT I WANT THERE TO SEE IT!" REPLIED THE DISCIPLE. "SO, BELIEVE THAT WHICH I'VE TOLD YOU AND NOT THAT WHICH YOU SEE. THE TRUTH IS EVERYWHERE. IT'S ENOUGH TO SEEK IT," SAID THE MASTER.



KEEP TALKING... I'VE UNDERSTOOD YOUR MESSAGE...

THEY RETURNED...OVER THERE, IN THE JUNGLES OF ORISSA THEIR TEMPLE IS REBUILT. THEY ASSASSINATE IN THE NAME OF THE GODDESS, KALL...THE CITY OF LIGHTNING REAPPEARS FROM ITS ASHES. LISTEN, SAHIB... THEY ARE CLOSE TO BHUBANESHWAR... THEY HAVE BIG PLANS...





THE THUGS? THEY  
DISAPPEARED A CENTURY AGO!

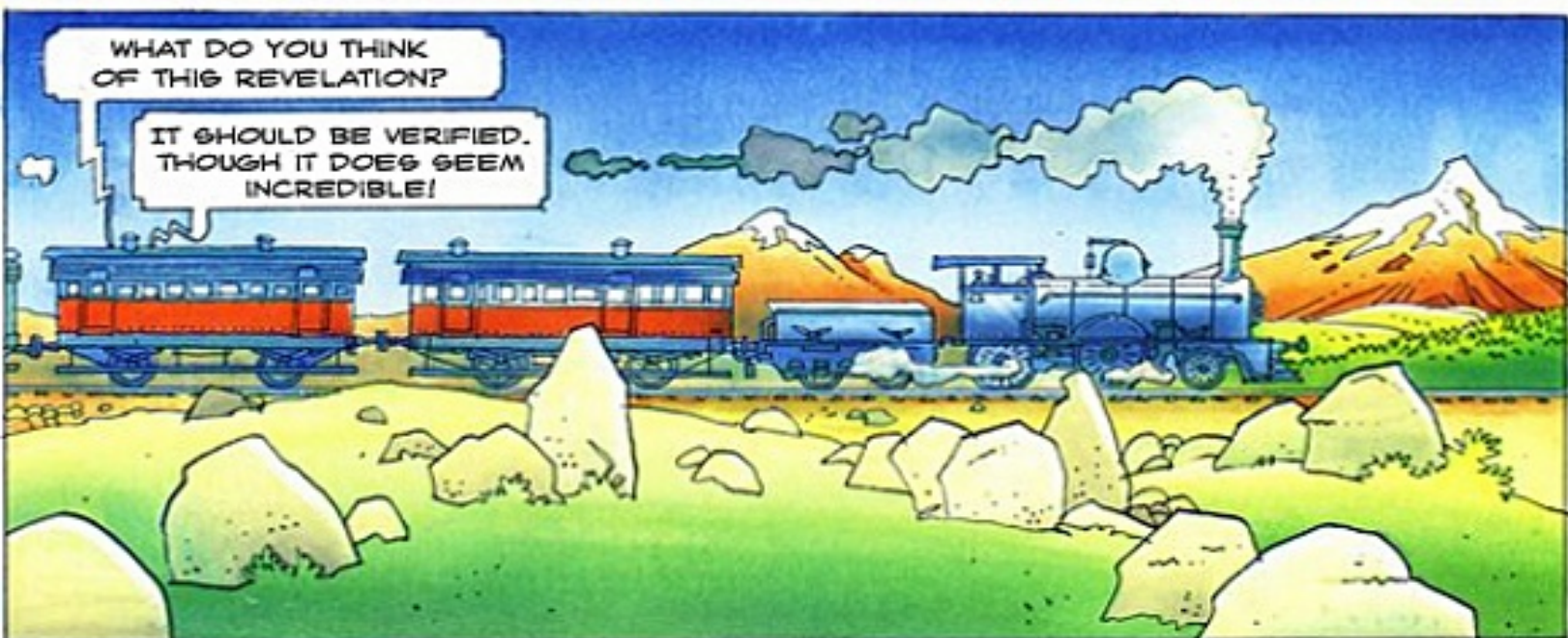


C'MON, HE WON'T  
TALK ANYMORE...  
LET'S GO!



WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF THIS REVELATION?

IT SHOULD BE VERIFIED.  
THOUGH IT DOES SEEM  
INCREDIBLE!



TELL ME ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURE  
ON THE TRAIN FROM BOMBAY.

I SAVED A CUTE DANCER FROM  
THE HANDS OF HER AGRESSORS.  
QUITE A PRETTY BRAWL...TO GET  
INVOLVED IN, IF YOU ASK ME.  
LET'S NOT WASTE TIME...



...AS IT'S A LONG WAY, I SUGGEST TOMORROW  
WE TAKE THE NIGHT TRAIN THAT LEAVES  
CALCUTTA FOR BHUBANESHWAR, AN ENTICING  
PROGRAM. HAVE I TOLD YOU I'M BEGINNING  
TO APPRECIATE INDIAN TRAINS?

TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO THE THEATRE.  
I PROMISED KAMALA THAT WE'LL GO SEE  
HER DANCE...SO, WE'LL BE ON-SITE THE  
DAY AFTER TOMORROW!





DON'T FORGET THAT TONIGHT  
WE'RE GOING TO THE THEATRE!



I'M GOING TO TAKE A GOOD SHOWER  
AND CABLE SOME INFORMATION TO MY  
CHIEF EDITOR IN NEW YORK. IF I DON'T,  
I'LL GET MYSELF FIRED. I'LL FIND YOU  
SOON IN THE BAR. BYE-BYE...

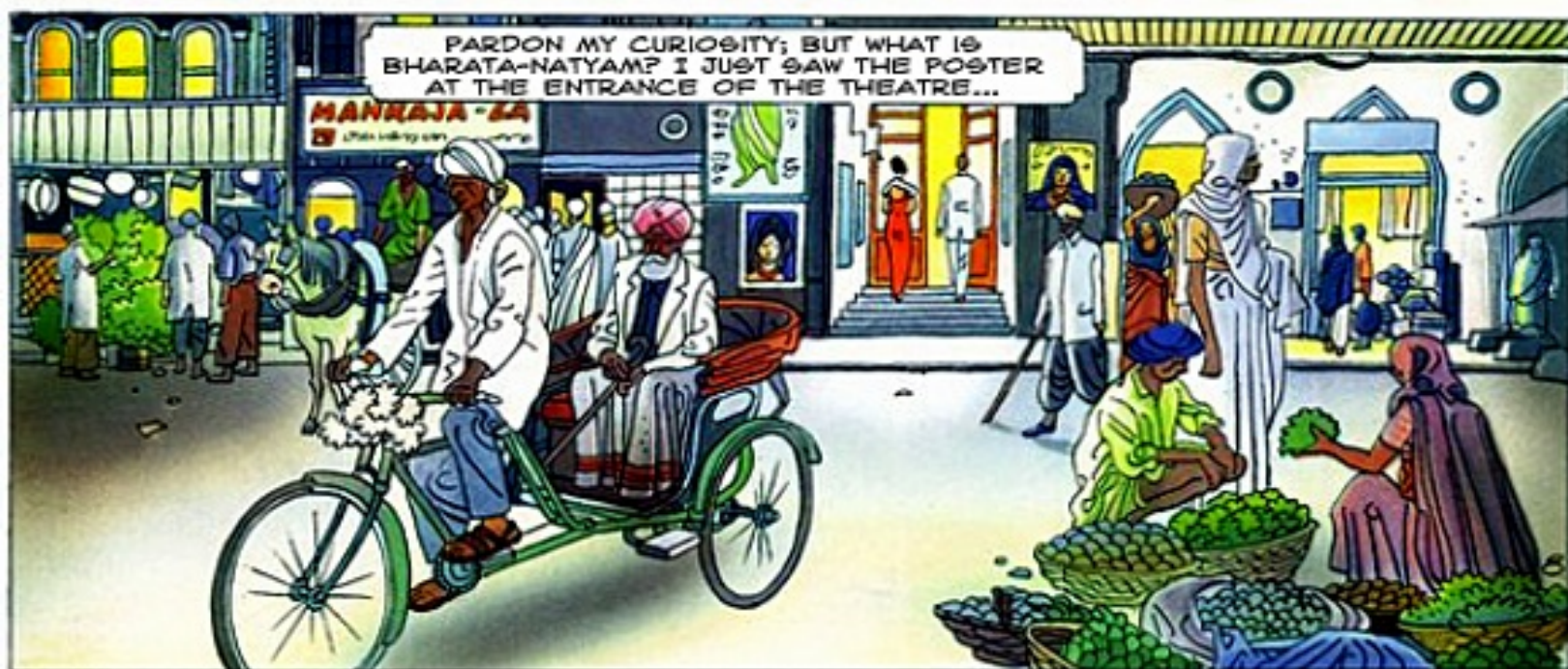


I'M NOT LATE?

NO, HONEY, I'M ON  
MY THIRD WHISKEY!



PARDON MY CURIOSITY; BUT WHAT IS  
BHARATA-NATYAM? I JUST SAW THE POSTER  
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE THEATRE...





BHARATA-NATYAM IS THE MOST FAMOUS  
 ARTISTIC FORM OF TAMIL NADU AND REQUIRES,  
 ON THE PART OF THE DANCER, A DETACHMENT  
 FROM THEIR TERRESTRIAL BONDS.  
 A TOTAL ENGAGEMENT TO DIVINITY AND  
 TO THEIR ART.

THE DANCERS USED TO BE CALLED  
 "DEVADASI" OR SERVANTS OF GOD.  
 THEREAFTER, OVER THE YEARS, THE  
 ARISTOCRACY MADE COURTESANS OF  
 THEM. IT'S AN EXTREMELY DYNAMIC  
 STYLE OF DANCE, A WHOLE ART. SINCE  
 CHILDHOOD, THE DANCERS ARE TRAINED  
 IN THE BALANCE DISTRIBUTION OF BODY  
 WEIGHT AND IN THE WELL ENSURED  
 POSITIONS OF THE LOWER LIMBS.  
 AH! THE SHOW IS ABOUT TO  
 START!



ALL THESE STYLES OF DANCE CANNOT BE  
 CONCEIVED WITHOUT MUSICAL SUPPORT...  
 BECAUSE MUSIC IN INDIA SHARES THE SAME  
 SOUL AS DANCE...



YOU CAME,  
 PROFESSOR JONES...  
 WHAT AN HONOUR  
 FOR ME...

THAT WAS A REAL PLEASURE.  
 I ADORE BHARATA-NATYAM.  
 ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO  
 YOU, AN AMERICAN FRIEND,  
 JOURNALIST AT THE  
 NEW YORK GLOBE,  
 MARYA SMIRNOVA...





ALLOW US TO ACCOMPANY YOU BACK TO YOUR HOTEL! THE EVENTS WE WENT THROUGH ON THE TRAIN SUGGEST YOU SHOULD BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL!

GOOD THING BECAUSE, BELIEVE ME, SINCE MY ARRIVAL IN CALCUTTA, I HAVE THE FEELING I'M BEING CONTINUALLY FOLLOWED.

ALLOW US TO ACCOMPANY YOU BACK TO YOUR HOTEL! THE EVENTS WE WENT THROUGH ON THE TRAIN SUGGEST YOU SHOULD BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL!

GOOD THING BECAUSE, BELIEVE ME, SINCE MY ARRIVAL IN CALCUTTA, I HAVE THE FEELING I'M BEING CONTINUALLY FOLLOWED.









CAPTAIN, CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS  
LACE OF SILK TO ME? THE THUGS,  
HAVE THEY RETURNED?



IT'S BEEN A CENTURY SINCE THE THUGS  
WERE DESTROYED OR IMPRISONED IN JUBBULPORE.  
THIS IS A JOKE THE KIDNAPPERS HAVE PLAYED.



MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT BUT THIS  
YOUNG WOMAN WAS REALLY TAKEN AND  
I DON'T SEE WHERE THE JOKE IS!



THAT IS CORRECT...  
BELIEVE ME, MISS SMIRNOVA,  
WE WILL PUT A LOT OF WORK INTO  
FINDING THIS YOUNG DANCER!



DON'T BE WORRIED, PROFESSOR JONES.  
WE WILL FIND HER... I HAVE INFORMANTS  
ALL OVER CALCUTTA. TOMORROW I'LL HAVE  
SOME INFORMATION. I WILL TELEPHONE  
WITH THE RESULTS OF MY INQUIRY!



THANK YOU, CAPTAIN BLAKE.  
SO LONG.



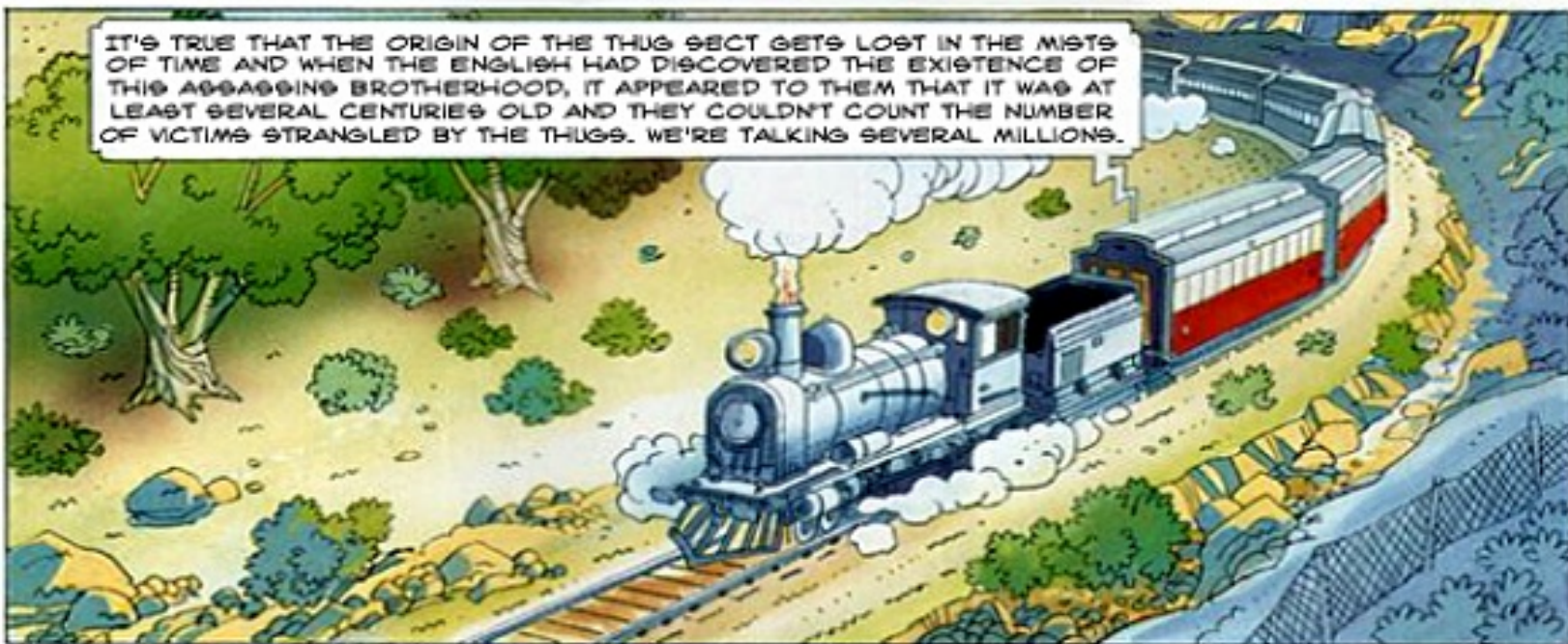
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THUGS! THE LEGEND SAYS THAT IN THE PAST, LONG AGO, A GIGANTIC DEMON LIVED ON THE EARTH, DEVOURING HUMANS THAT THE GODS WERE CREATING. THE GODDESS, KALI, FACED THE MONSTER WITH BLOWS FROM A SWORD, BUT EACH DROP OF BLOOD GENERATED ANOTHER MONSTER. THEN KALI CREATED TWO MEN TO WHOM SHE GAVE TWO FABRIC BANDS, TAKEN FROM HER CLOTHING AND ORDERED THEM TO STRANGLE THE DEMONS WITHOUT SPILLING ONE DROP OF BLOOD. THOSE TWO MEN PERFECTLY EXECUTED THEIR MISSION...



...KALI THEN GAVE THEM THE ORDER TO TEACH THEIR DESCENDANTS THE USAGE OF THE RUHMAL, THE FABRIC BAND WITH WHICH THEY'D STRANGLE VICTIMS THAT THE GODDESS WOULD PUT IN THEIR WAY.



IT'S TRUE THAT THE ORIGIN OF THE THUG SECT GETS LOST IN THE MISTS OF TIME AND WHEN THE ENGLISH HAD DISCOVERED THE EXISTENCE OF THIS ASSASSINING BROTHERHOOD, IT APPEARED TO THEM THAT IT WAS AT LEAST SEVERAL CENTURIES OLD AND THEY COULDN'T COUNT THE NUMBER OF VICTIMS STRANGLED BY THE THUGS. WE'RE TALKING SEVERAL MILLIONS.



THUGS WERE OMNIPRESENT IN ALL OF INDIA BUT MOST PARTICULARLY IN BENGAL. IN CALCUTTA, THERE WAS EVEN A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS, KALI. THIS SECT STRICTLY OBSERVED THEIR RITES, THE MEMBERSHIP OF WHICH WAS HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON AND THE YOUNG MAN WAS TO CROSS SEVERAL STAGES TO ARRIVE AT THE HONOR OF SUPREME POWER: **TO STRANGLE**...THEIR CHIEF, THE JEMADAR, ALONE DECIDED THE MOMENT TO ORGANIZE EXPEDITIONS AGAINST TRAVELERS.



WHEN THEY WEREN'T ON A MISSION, THE THUGS PRESENTED THEMSELVES AS HONORABLE PEOPLE PRACTICING THEIR TRADE. WHEN THE JEMADAR DECIDED ON AN EXPEDITION, THE MEN WOULD ALWAYS FIND A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE TO GO TO THE RALLYING POINT, WHICH WOULD BE FOUND, GENERALLY, VERY FAR FROM THEIR PLACE OF RESIDENCE.





SO THE THUGS WOULDN'T SPILL ANY BLOOD...  
THEY STRANGLED!

YES, IN MEMORY OF THE MYTHIC FIGHT  
AGAINST THE DEMON! BUT KALI IS ALSO  
CALLED THE BLOODTHIRSTY ONE.  
FOR THAT, IN SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES,  
THE THUGS WOULD OFFER THE BLOOD  
OF A HUMAN VICTIM...



THE DANCER!



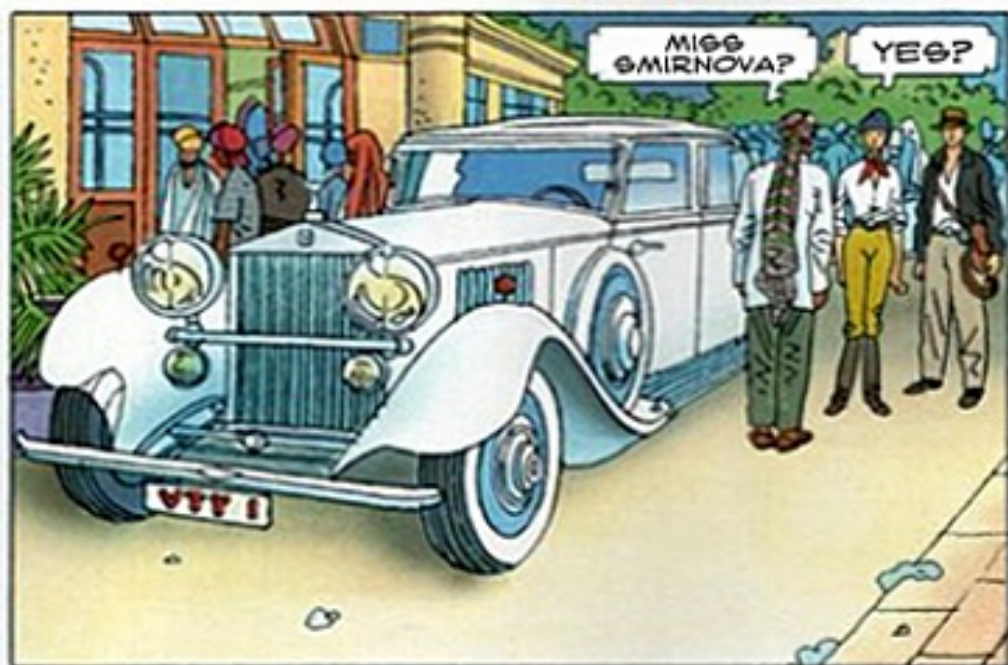
MY GOD...TELL ME THIS  
ISN'T POSSIBLE!

THE THUGS HAVE DISAPPEARED...  
THEY WERE ERASED FROM THE MAP  
BY COLONEL WILLIAM SLEEMAN.  
MARYA, CALM YOURSELF. WE'RE  
ARRIVING AT THE BHUBANESHWAR  
STATION! NOW THAT WE'RE HERE,  
WE'LL TRY TO CLEAR UP  
THIS MYSTERY!



MISS  
SMIRNOVA?

YES?



THIS CAR IS YOURS, MY MASTER,  
THE MAHARAJAH NARASIMBA WODIVAR  
OF BHAWANIPTNA BEGS YOU AGREE  
TO ACCEPT THIS MODEST MEAN  
OF TRANSPORTATION...



SEEMS TO ME SOMEONE WANTS TO LEAD US DIRECTLY  
TO THE SITE OF THE CITY OF LIGHTNING! HA! HA! HA!

I'M CURIOUS TO MEET THIS  
MAHARAJAH WHO  
APPRECIATES ME SO MUCH!





A FEW MORE MOMENTS AND YOUR CURIOSITY WILL BE SATISFIED!



MARYA! WHAT A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN...APPROACH, MY FRIENDS!...



SARDAR, YOU? WHAT A SURPRISE!

WHAT A SURPRISE...I DISCOVERED YOUR NAME IN AN EDITION OF "TIMES OF INDIA"...I FOLLOWED YOUR REPORTS ON GANDHI AND DECIDED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU...BUT MY SECRETARY, WHO WAS IN CALCUTTA, CABLED ME THAT YOU HAD JUST COME TO TAKE THE TRAIN FOR BHUBANESHWAR. THEREFORE, I WAS ABLE TO SEND YOU ONE OF MY ROLLS!



YOU...YOU KNOW EACH OTHER?



SARDAR, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT PROFESSOR JONES. Y'SEE, INDY, I KNEW SARDAR AT THE FACULTY IN THE UNITED STATES! WE WERE VERY GOOD FRIENDS...

PROFESSOR JONES, THE FAMOUS ARCHEOLOGIST? WHAT AN HONOR TO RECEIVE YOU IN MY PALACE. TONIGHT, I'M GIVING A BIG CELEBRATION IN MARYA'S HONOR... WILL YOU DO ME THE PLEASURE OF JOINING US?



WITH PLEASURE, BUT I DON'T HAVE THE CLOTHES TO GO THIS EVENING. I ONLY KNOW THAT...

NO PROBLEMS, PROFESSOR JONES...YOUR ROOMS ARE READY... YOUR CLOTHES ALONG WITH THEM... WE WILL FIND OURSELVES AT DINNER... WHAT A JOY TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MARYA.



SEE YOU WITHIN THE HOUR, INDY. A GOOD BATH SHOULD PUT ME BACK IN SHAPE...THIS TRIP WORE ME OUT.

UNTIL TONIGHT!



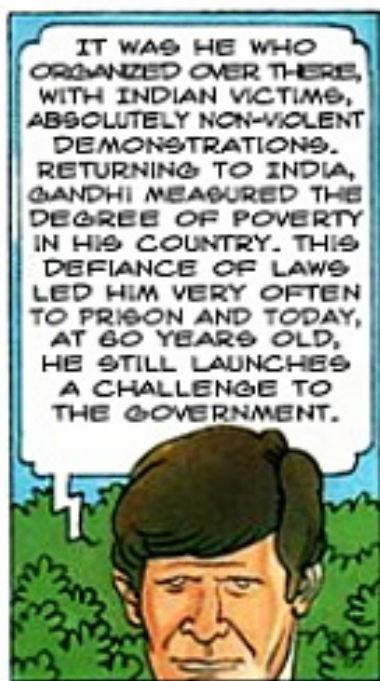
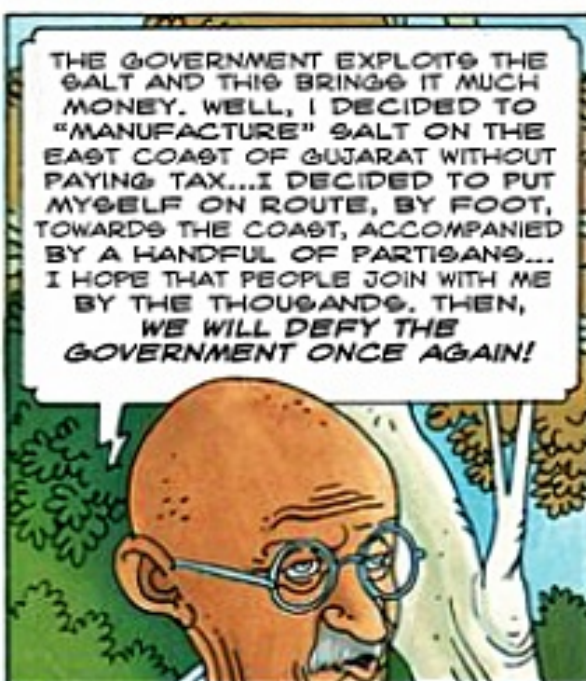
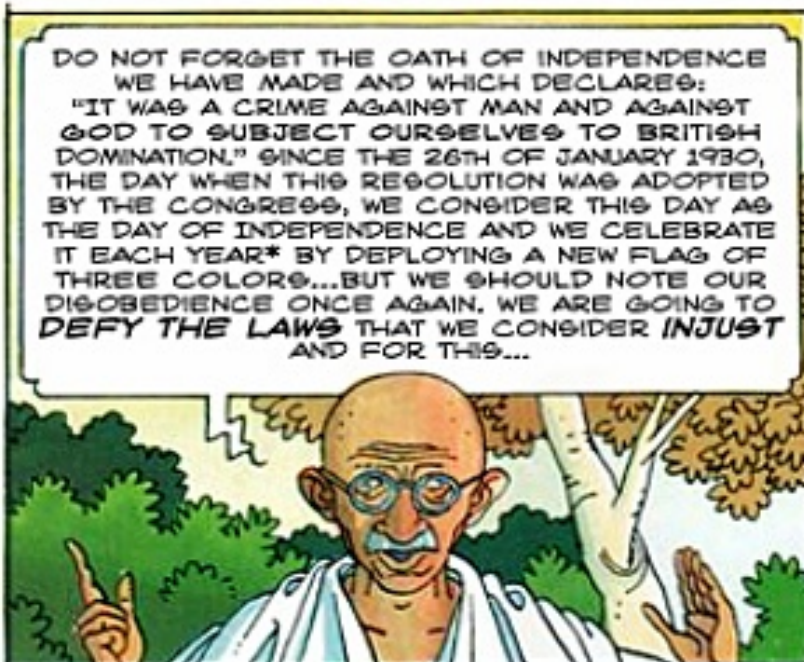
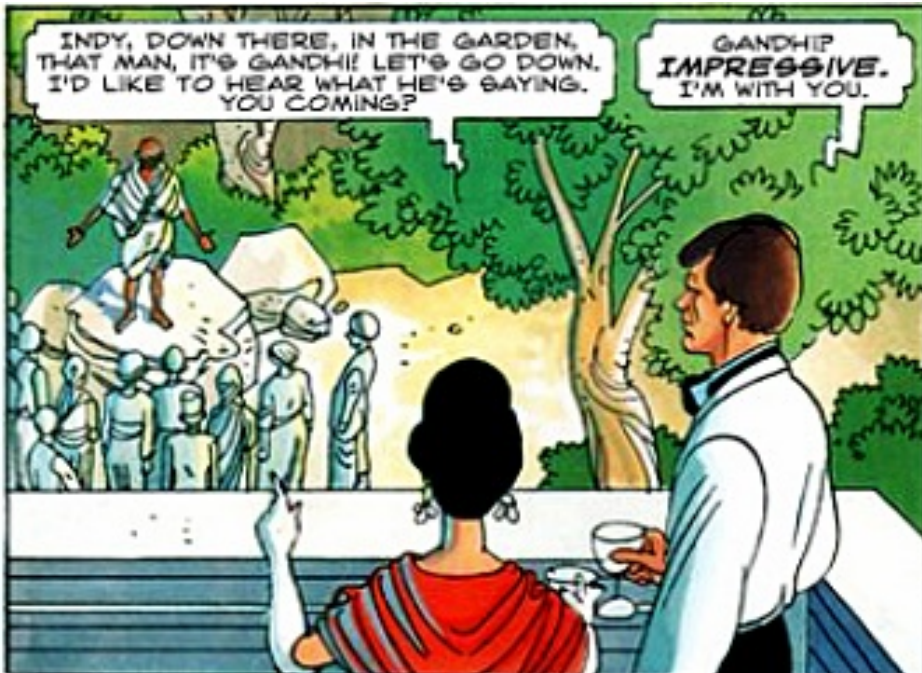


THANK YOU, GARDAR, FOR  
THIS MAGNIFICENT EVENING!

MY HUMBLE TESTIMONY  
TOWARDS YOUR  
BEAUTY, MARYA!









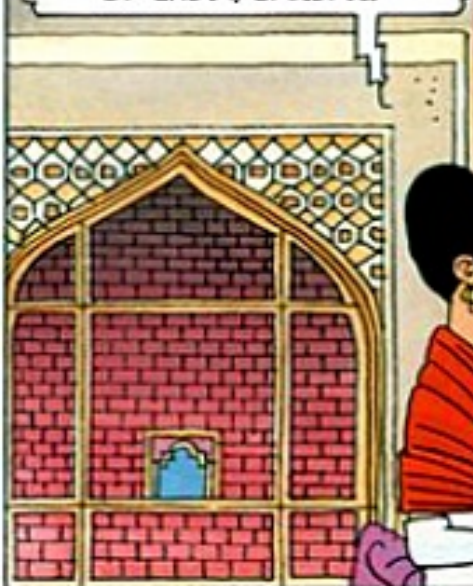
OUR HOST MUST BE WORRYING  
OVER OUR ABSENCE.  
LET'S JOIN HIM!



DEAR FRIENDS, I SAW YOU. YOU WENT TO LISTEN TO THAT OLD  
UTOPIAN, GANDHI. FOR MANY WEEKS HE PREACHES, FROM  
VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, FOR THIS MARCH OF SALT...I FEAR THAT THE  
RESPONSE WILL BE TERRIBLE...THIS WILL NOT BE THE FIRST TIME...  
COME TO THE BUFFET. THE CHAMPAGNE FLOWS IN FLOODS FOR  
THE PRESENCE OF MARYA AMONG US!



WHAT IS THE FUTURE  
OF INDIA, GARDAR?



DEAR MARYA, IF INDEPENDENCE IS REALIZED, I WILL LEAVE.  
AT MY HAMPSHIRE PALACE, IN ENGLAND, I WILL BE ONE OF THE  
LAST MAHARAJAHS...THE TIGERS WILL ROAR NO MORE BUT IN SILENCE!  
THE HUNTS OF TODAY WILL BE NO MORE THAN A MEMORY!  
DO NOT FORGET THAT AT THE END OF THIS AFTERNOON  
WE WILL BE HUNTING THE TIGER!



LET US FORGET ALL OF THAT AND AMUSE  
OURSELVES! TODAY IS A CELEBRATION!



IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GO  
VISIT THE SURROUNDINGS!





INDY...PHEW, I WAS ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM GARDAR, A VERITABLE POT OF GLUE! FINALLY, I'M HERE...

HMPFH! ABANDONED YOUR HANDSOME MAHARAJAH? DO YOU THINK WE'RE DRESSED ALRIGHT TO TAKE A NEIGHBORHOOD STROLL? WOULDN'T IT BE PREFERABLE THAT WE CHANGE? DON'T FORGET THAT IN TWO HOURS WE'RE INVITED TO A TIGER HUNT BY YOUR MAHARAJAH!

APPROPRIATE ATTIRE FOR ME, THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. I THOUGHT OF IT ALL THERE, I'M READY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

WE'RE GOING TO A VILLAGE NOT FAR AWAY. ONE OF THE SERVANTS POINTED IT OUT TO ME.

NORMALLY, WE SHOULD BE GETTING THERE SOON.

THERE IT IS, OVER THERE! THERE ARE SOME HUTS...

WE'RE GOING TO QUESTION THIS SNAKE CHARMER. THEY KNOW EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON!

TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I HAVE SOME RUPEES FOR HIM AND THAT I NEED SOME INFORMATION?





I'M LISTENING, SAHIB.

HAVE YOU HEARD TALK OF  
THE CITY OF LIGHTNING?



NO...I CANNOT SPEAK  
OF IT. BEWARE THE  
GREAT KHAN, SAHIB!



BEWARE THE  
GREAT KHAN...



WHAT IS IT,  
THE GREAT KHAN...?

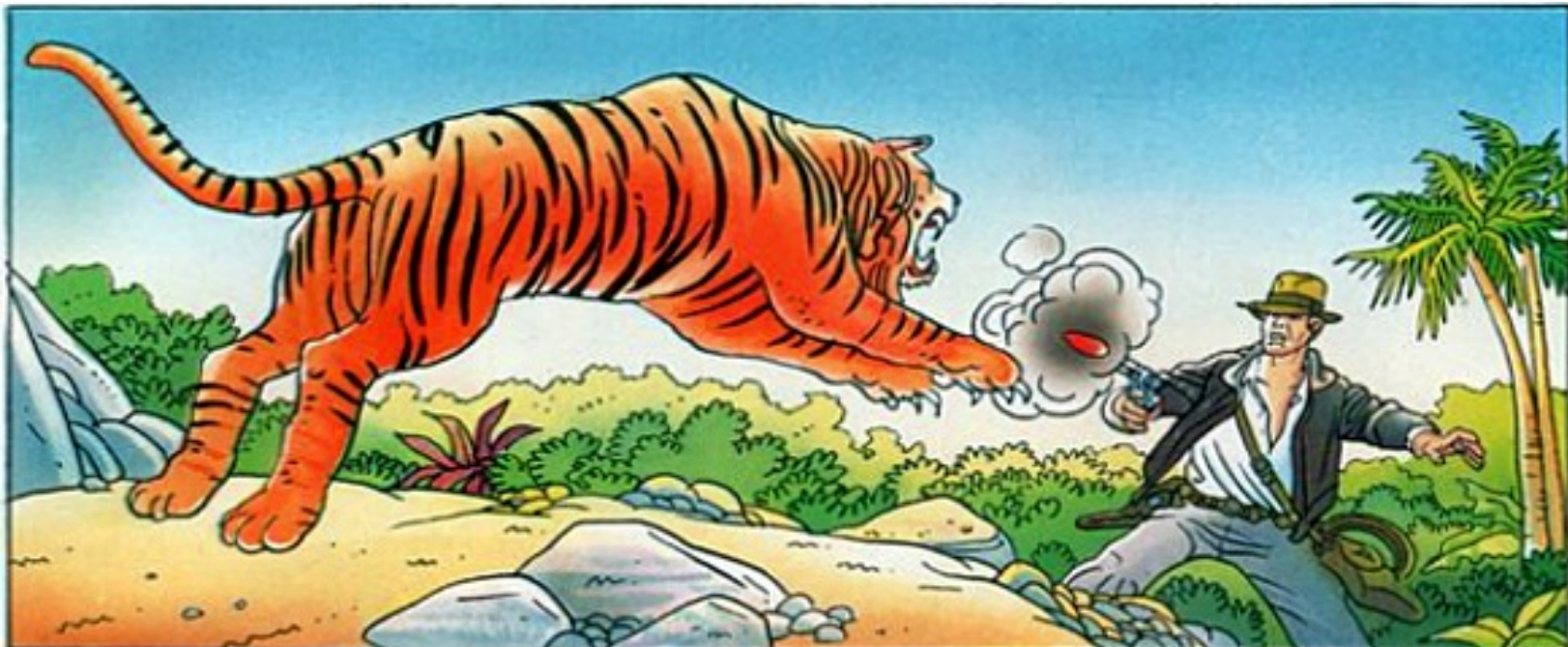


NO IDEA! LET'S RETURN TO THE PALACE.  
MAYBE IN QUESTIONING PEOPLE ON THE  
SPOT, WE'LL GET SOME INFORMATION ABOUT  
THIS GREAT KHAN! LET'S GO PREPARE  
FOR THE TIGER HUNT!











WHERE COULD THIS  
CORRIDOR LEAD TO?



THE TEMPLE OF KALI! THE  
CITY OF LIGHTNING!





THE TRUMPETS  
FROM THE HUNT!



BRAVO, INDY,  
YOU GOT HIM!



THE GREAT KHAN  
IS DEAD!

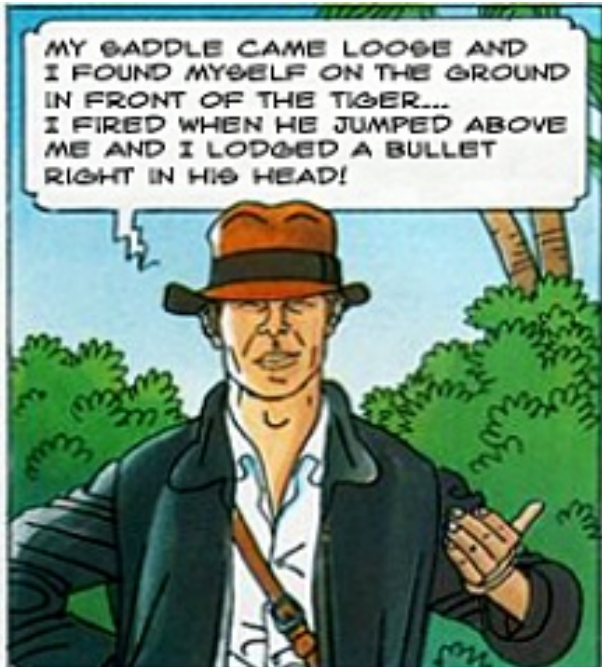




MY CONGRATULATIONS, PROFESSOR JONES! BRAVO!  
MARYA, YOU'VE HIDDEN FROM ME THE HUNTING  
TALENTS OF YOUR FRIEND!



MY SADDLE CAME LOOSE AND  
I FOUND MYSELF ON THE GROUND  
IN FRONT OF THE TIGER...  
I FIRED WHEN HE JUMPED ABOVE  
ME AND I LODGED A BULLET  
RIGHT IN HIS HEAD!



WE RETURN. WE ARE GOING TO MAKE  
A BIG CELEBRATION IN YOUR HONOR!

TOO MUCH! **HEY MARYA!**  
Y'SEE, THERE ISN'T  
ONLY YOU.



AS FOR YOUR FRIEND, ALL THIS IS PRETEXT TO  
HAVE A CELEBRATION! I HAVE TWO IMPORTANT  
THINGS TO TELL YOU. FIRSTLY, THE GREAT KHAN  
WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE TIGER THAT I KILLED  
AND SOMETHING **MUCH MORE IMPORTANT:**  
I DISCOVERED, THANKS TO GREAT KHAN, WHERE THE  
**TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS KALI** IS SITUATED!



**NO! THEN THE CITY OF  
LIGHTNING EXISTS!**

WHEN THE PARTY IS OVER, WE'LL SLIP AWAY  
DISCREETLY AND WE'RE GONNA TAKE A PEEK AT  
THIS TEMPLE AND ITS UNDERGROUND. AGREED?

IF WE CAN LEAVE  
RIGHT AWAY.



LET'S WAIT...WE'LL LEAVE  
AT NIGHT.











LISTEN TO ME! THE HOUR HAS ARRIVED WHERE WE MUST TAKE ACTION...KALI THE RED HAS ASKED IT OF ME. TOMORROW NIGHT, THIS YOUNG VIRGIN WILL DANCE FOR US AND WILL BE SACRIFICED TO KALI. OH, MY FAITHFUL, THIS WILL MARK THE HOUR OF VENGEANCE. WE MUST FIGHT THE OLD ONE WHO MARCHES TOWARDS THE SEA AND THE SALT AND THE ENGLISH WHO CONTROL US. OUR ONLY HOPE IS IN THE FIGHT. WE MUST MOVE TO ACTION.



KALI... KALI...  
KALI!..





A CAREFUL RETREAT  
IS IN ORDER!



I BELIEVE I'M MISTAKEN...  
ALL THESE CORRIDORS  
RESEMBLE EACH OTHER.

AND THAT DOOR, WHERE  
DOES IT LEAD?



LET'S TAKE A LOOK. MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER  
ENTRANCE FOR THE TEMPLE OF KALI?



WAIT, I'M GOING TO THROW  
A TORCH...









QUIET ABOUT OUR ADVENTURE. TOMORROW NIGHT, WE HAVE TO DELIVER KAMALA!

UNDERSTOOD. UNTIL TOMORROW! I'M WORN OUT BY ALL THESE ADVENTURES...



MARYA, WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

FINISH MY REPORTING ON THE REGION BUT, NOW, I'M ALSO GOING TO FOCUS MYSELF ON YOU. THIS WILL IMPASSION MY READERS TO VISIT THE PALACE OF A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF A MAHARAJAH!



WE START TOMORROW. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT, SARDAR?

READILY! I'M GOING TO WARN MY MAJORDOMO SO THAT WE CAN FACILITATE YOUR DISPLACEMENT IN THE PALACE. THIS EVENING, I AM BUSY. I BEG YOU AND PROFESSOR JONES TO EXCUSE ME, BUT I WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT DINNER!



I HAVE BIG NEWS TO TELL YOU!

WHAT KIND?



I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE THUG LEADER!

NO?

YES!...





WHAT MAKES YOU  
THINK IT'S HIM?



TONIGHT, HE WON'T BE AT THE PALACE.  
IT'S HIM...CHIEF OF THE THUGS.



IT'S A POSSIBILITY WE SHOULD ACCOUNT FOR.  
LET'S BE ON GUARD. NOTHING TELLS US THAT  
HE'S WATCHING US. LET'S GO LISTEN TO  
THE INDIAN MUSIC WHILE WE WAIT.



MADAM, THE POET AND THE MUSICIAN KNOW ALL  
THE GODS REVEAL TO THEM HIDDEN THINGS.  
THEY EXPRESS IN THEIR RHYTHMS THAT WHICH  
THE THOUGHT CONTURES WITH SORROW AND THAT  
THE TONGUE STAMMERS CONFUSEDLY, BUT,  
IF MY SONG SADDENS YOU, I THEN, BY CHANGING  
STYLE, GIVE BIRTH TO IDEAS MORE HUMOROUS  
TO YOUR SPIRIT.



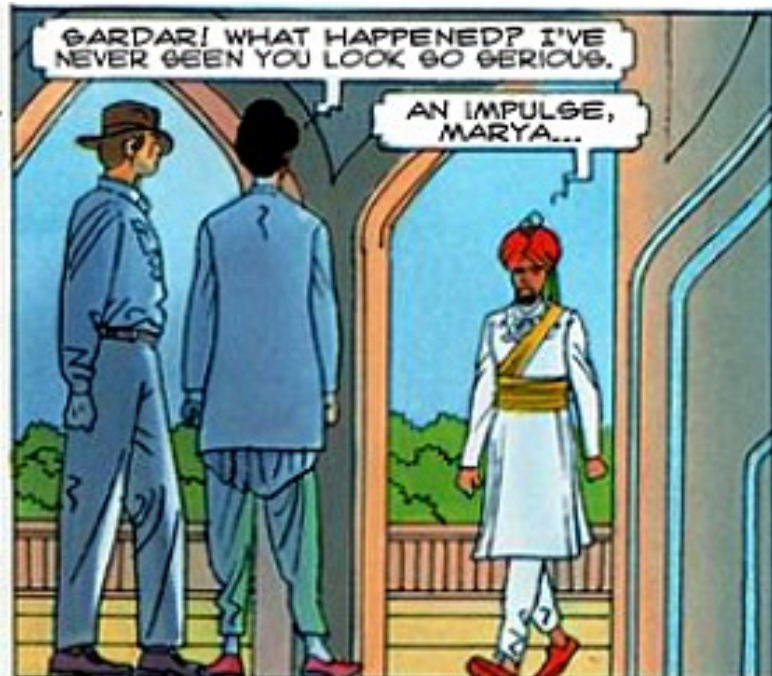


THANK YOU...I LIKE YOUR MUSIC  
VERY MUCH...THANK YOU AGAIN!



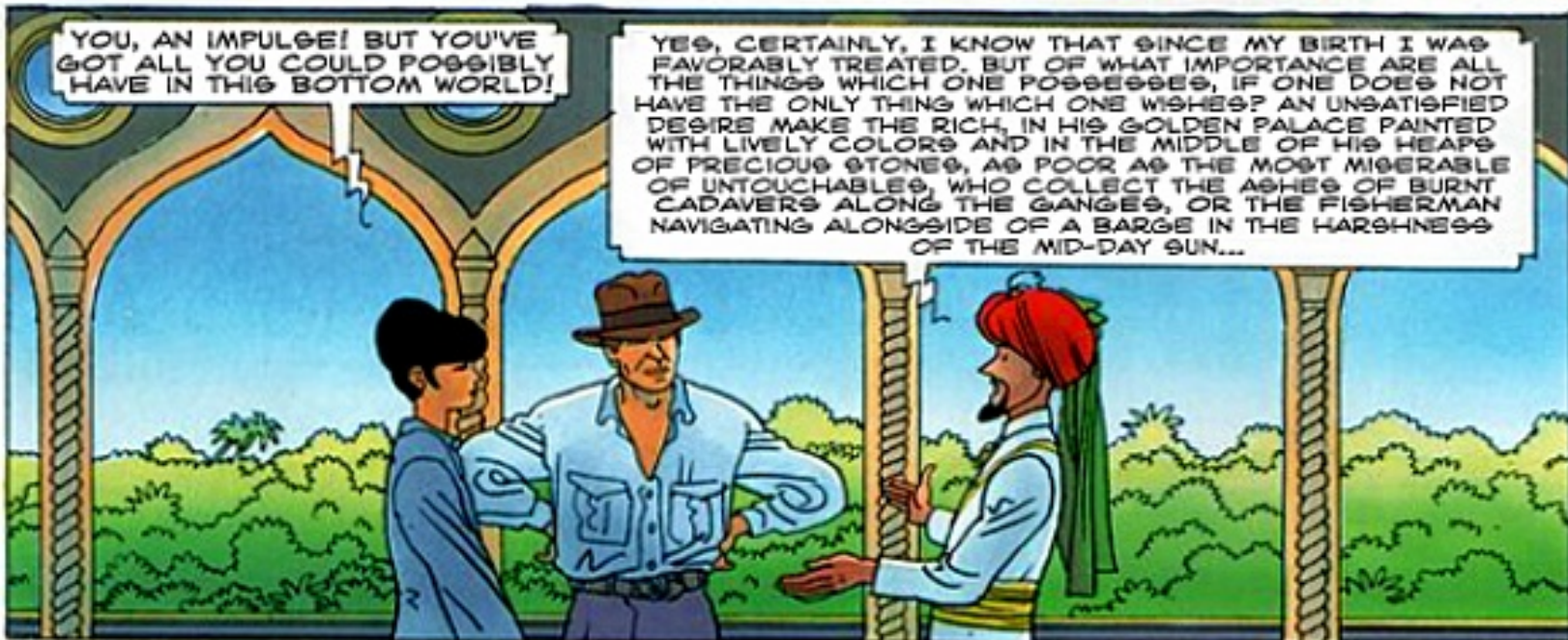
GARDAR! WHAT HAPPENED? I'VE  
NEVER SEEN YOU LOOK SO SERIOUS.

AN IMPULSE,  
MARYA...

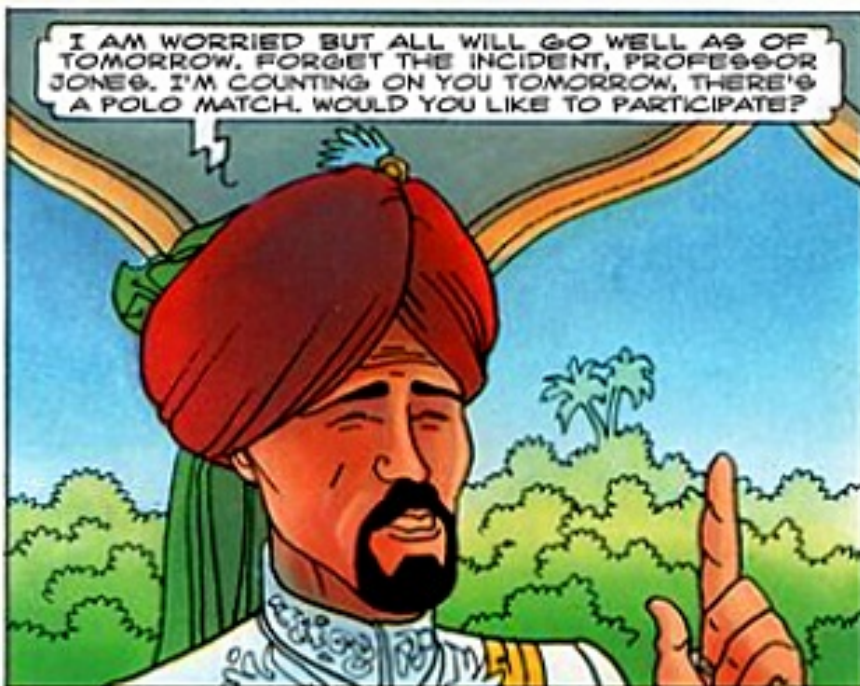


YOU, AN IMPULSE! BUT YOU'VE  
GOT ALL YOU COULD POSSIBLY  
HAVE IN THIS BOTTOM WORLD!

YES, CERTAINLY, I KNOW THAT SINCE MY BIRTH I WAS  
FAVORABLY TREATED. BUT OF WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE ALL  
THE THINGS WHICH ONE POSSESSES, IF ONE DOES NOT  
HAVE THE ONLY THING WHICH ONE WISHES? AN UNSATISFIED  
DESIRE MAKE THE RICH, IN HIS GOLDEN PALACE PAINTED  
WITH LIVELY COLORS AND IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS HEAPS  
OF PRECIOUS STONES, AS POOR AS THE MOST MISERABLE  
OF UNTOUCHABLES, WHO COLLECT THE ASHES OF BURNT  
CADAVERS ALONG THE GANGES, OR THE FISHERMAN  
NAVIGATING ALONGSIDE OF A BARGE IN THE HARSHNESS  
OF THE MID-DAY SUN...



I AM WORRIED BUT ALL WILL GO WELL AS OF  
TOMORROW. FORGET THE INCIDENT, PROFESSOR  
JONES. I'M COUNTING ON YOU TOMORROW, THERE'S  
A POLO MATCH. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PARTICIPATE?



TO PLAY POLO? WHY NOT! I AM VERY  
BRITISH, IN FACT. UNTIL TOMORROW...





WE'LL KNOW TONIGHT WHO COMMANDS THIS  
BAND OF ASSASSINS! LET'S PRESS ON!...



THERE'S BUT ONLY  
ONE SOLUTION, MARYA...  
LET ME DO IT!  
I'LL TAKE THE ONE ON  
THE LEFT AND  
YOU THE OTHER...  
DON'T HESITATE TO  
HIT HIM!



UNGAH!...



THIS IS THE SUREST WAY TO MINGLE  
IN WITH THIS ILLUMINATED BUNCH.  
LET'S GO, WE CAN'T LOSE TIME!









...YOU HAVE PLACED YOUR SIGN, WE WILL  
OFFER HER BLOOD TO YOUR GLORY!



BUT BEFORE, SHE WILL DANCE FOR YOU, O, BLACK  
GODDESS...GODDESS OF DEATH. ME, THE JEMADAR,  
I WILL EXECUTE YOUR ORDERS... WE WILL STRANGLE WITH  
THE RHUMAL, THE VICTIMS THAT YOU HAVE DESIGNATED.



DANCE!



LOOK AT THE MUSICIAN ON THE RIGHT.  
IT'S THE ONE FROM THIS AFTERNOON...  
THE CHIEF WILL WELL BE...



SILENCE!...



THE BELE\* HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY  
KALI, OUR BLACK MOTHER! DANCE!



\* PLACE CHOSEN BEFOREHAND TO EXECUTE THE VICTIMS.

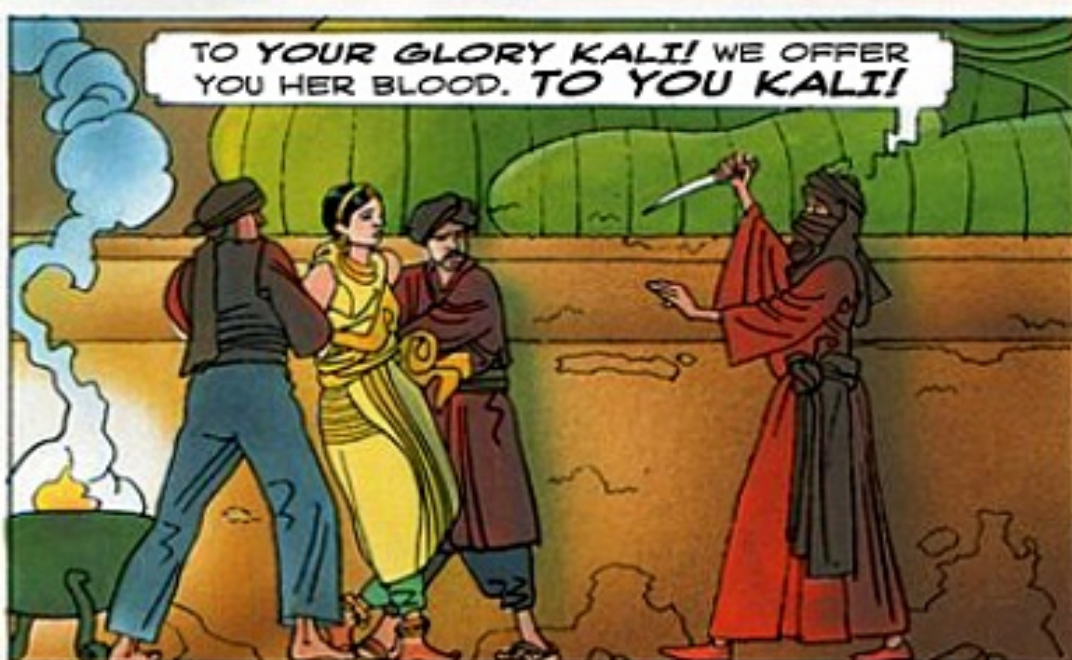


























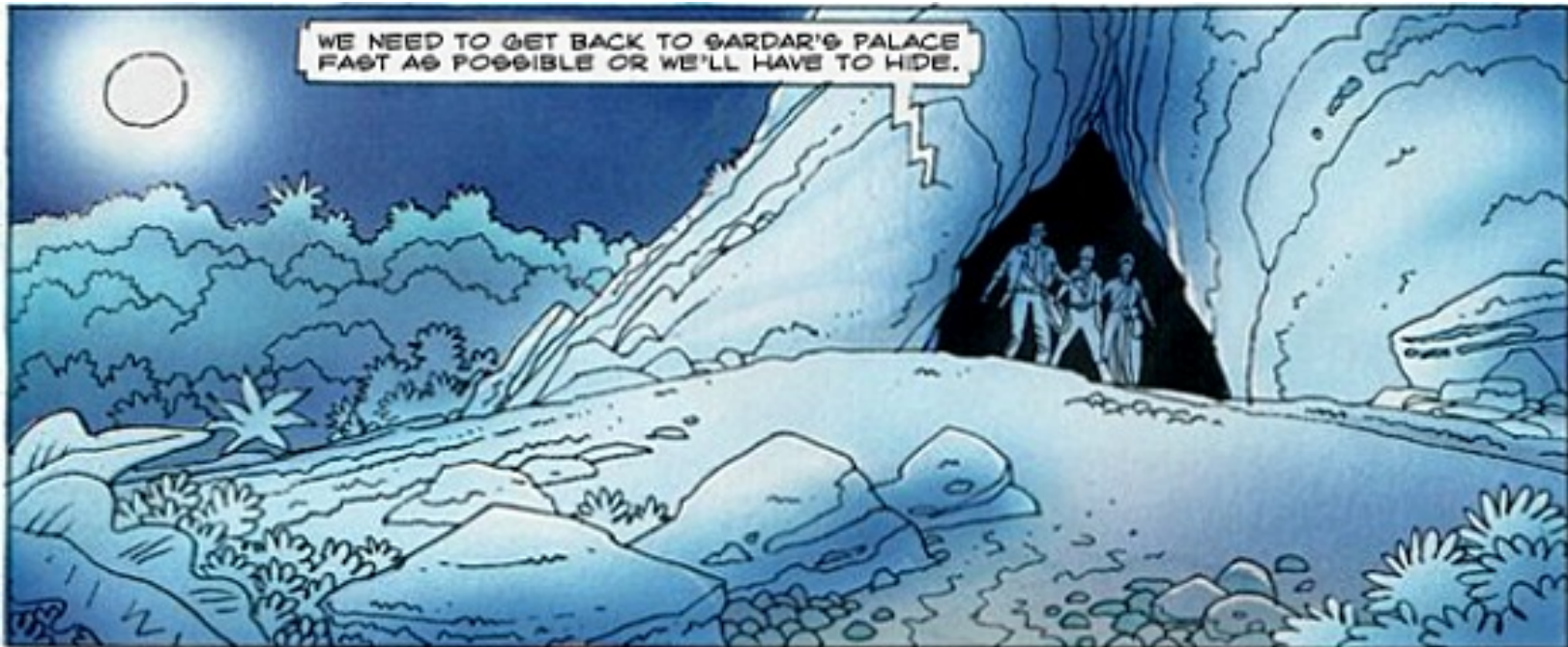








WE NEED TO GET BACK TO GARDAR'S PALACE  
FAST AS POSSIBLE OR WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE.



YOU HAVE THE **RUBY**?

YES...

LET'S GO!



**MAGNIFICENT!**



**NO!**









WHAT DID YOU DO?



IT HAD TO BE DONE. THE RUBY OF KALI, GODDESS OF DEATH, HOLDS IN ITS BREAST THE SOUL OF THE GRAND KHAN, AND I WAS THE PRIESTESS OF KALI.



**WHAT?**

YOU WERE  
THE  
PRIESTESS?

YES, SINCE MY BIRTH, I WAS CHOSEN BY THE THUGS THE MOMENT WHERE THERE MUST BE AN UNLEASHING OF A GREAT CRUSADE AGAINST THE ENGLISH INVADER, DESTINED TO ABORT THE PLANS OF GANDHI WHO PREACHES NON-VIOLENCE. I HAD FLED THE CITY OF LIGHTNING AND WENT BACK TO CALCUTTA, BUT BLAKE FOUND ME!



BUT,  
**CAPTAIN  
BLAKE?**



CAPTAIN BLAKE WAS THE SON OF AN ENGLISHMAN AND AN INDIAN. REJECTED BY THE TWO COMMUNITIES, HE HAD SWORN VENGEANCE IN RECREATING HERE, FOR SOME TWENTY YEARS, THE CULT OF THE THUGS!



TO ATTACK THIS KIND OF SOCIETY, ROOTED FOR A VERY LONG TIME, PERPETUATED FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION AND INEXTRICABLY MARRIED TO THE RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS THAT WERE THE FOUNDATION OF BALANCE TAUGHT BY THE PRIESTS, COULDN'T BUT GENERATE THE REACTIONS LIKE THOSE OF BLAKE. IT'S TRUE THAT THERE ARE MORE MADMEN THAN WISEMEN AND EVEN IN THE WISE, THERE'S MORE FOLLY THAN WISDOM!..

